

Many an ordinary evening

in New Haven have I lingered,  
flanked by East and West Rocks

(not cited by poets a la  
Sleeping Giant in close  
Mount Caramel) Since

I was on the ground,  
didn't note especially

that lift and light and turn  
of magic air inform-  
ing natural ideas,

but rather seized the pain  
handed to children in  
the myth of any place

With a someone describing  
a treatment at Saint Raphael's Hospital:  
a kind of barbed metallic snake

twisted deep down the pecker  
of a sinful acquaintance:

"You could hear him screaming up on  
East Rock!" (or West) So the usual

lesson went. It's not at such times astounding,  
the mere feel of air.